

But, you ask, how can I do all this, coming, as I shall, tired from my school house at night? I anticipate your question. We have too much to do. We come from our day's work too tired for much study. And I can only say, that for our advancement, we must improve the scraps of time, as we strive to teach our pupils to improve them.

But let me ask, what are your incentives to action? Have you in your mind a picture of a beautiful school, which you will strive to realize? It is very well. Do you crave the approval of good judges and good men? That is well. But duty and benevolence must be your abiding impulses. Cherish that sense of duty and that feeling of benevolence which the Bible teaches. Then, if you reflect on your pupils' wants, your energies will not stagnate. Responsibility to employers is less effective than responsibility to God. Ambition may urge, but a desire for a mortal crown is a poor stimulant to labors which the pupil can never see, to countenance coercion, and restraint, whose first fruits are often dislike, rather than gratitude.

What shall secure faithfulness in the thousand little cares and watchings, which, to the teacher, die when performed, and are in oblivion forever? Nothing but duty and benevolence. Benevolent feeling never tires; it is happy only in benefiting, and never thinks of rewards. It gains strength as the need increases. It kindles at others' coolness, and gives most light in the darkest hour.—*The Student.*

THE TEACHER'S CALLING.

In the estimation of those who regard the well doing of the young, the calling of the school-teacher is one full of interest.—And why should it not be? It requires peculiar qualifications, involves high responsibilities, subjects to many trials. Why should it not, then, bespeak for itself the sympathy, respect, and friendly co-operation of the community?

Not simply the well-doing of the young is connected with this calling, but the future happiness and well-doing of society.—Teachers act both directly and indirectly on the great social interests of the race. They have, in an extensive sense, the forming of character. To them is intrusted the modelling of minds which, in their matured strength, shall move the world.

The teacher leaves his impression on the minds of his pupils. This impression neither time nor circumstances can efface. It tells at the fire-side homes of the children, and in their associate capacities abroad. It meets and mingles with the events of coming life; restraining, inciting, and encouraging all along the pathway of their earthly existence, and even to its close. And who shall say it is lost even there? May it not, does it not, pass on with the enfranchised spirit to that higher state of existence of which this is but the shadowing? Will not the teacher's influence tell, in its results, through the uncounted cycles of eternity? Responsible work, the training of the youthful mind! A high and holy calling is that of the teacher! Who shall dare enter it with unhalloved purpose? Who shall dare give to the young mind other impress than that of wisdom, virtue, and piety?

Schools are public safes, where are deposited, not the gold and silver of the nation, but what is of far more value, gems of thought and feeling; jewels, which shall hereafter be drawn out to beautify and enrich the national mind. Schools are deep mountain reservoirs whence issue the rivulets which widen into mighty streams, whose waters in their ever-onward course, make for themselves channels through the length and breadth of the land.

In schools are training the minds whose future action shall brighten or dim their country's glory. Yes; here are those, whose light shall be as the morning, and whose brightness as the noon-day; and here, too, it is to be feared, are those whose light shall be but as darkness, and whose brightness but as the thunder's terrific bolt. Here are the future rulers of the state and nation. Shall they be just men, ruling in the fear of God? Here is the priest, who shall minister at the holy altar. Shall he have the learning, the piety, the zeal, of a Paul; the meek endurance, the tenderness of a John?

Here is he whose healing art shall often renovate and re-beautify the frail tabernacle of the soul. Shall he be like Luke the beloved physician? Here are the future poets, whose numbers shall be "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Shall they, like the sweet singer of Israel, wake psaltery and harp to the high praises of heaven's King? Here are they—the men, the women—who shall come up, and live, and feel, and act, in all the rela-

tions of life, under its thousand ever-varying circumstances, when the fathers and the mothers shall decline in the vale of tears, and pass away.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Who shall so bend the twigs that they may grow up trees of strength and beauty, gracing the garden, the field and the wood? Who shall? Who will? Teacher, the task is thine. Thy influence, combined with that of the parent, shall make the future character. Thou canst move the young mind committed to thy trust, as the winds move the leaves of the forest. Thou canst press the young heart even as the seal impresses the wax.

The confidence, the affections, of the child are thine. Use thy power, but use it safely, well. Gently, lovingly, yet firmly, deal with these little ones. Write such characters on these young minds as future hours shall safely deepen, and a present and coming age delight to read;—such as shall bless the child, the man, the world; reflecting honor on thyself, and bringing glory to the Creator of all mind. Teacher what a work is before thee? What manner of person should thou be? And what qualifications are necessary to fit thee for this high trust?—C. S. Jour.

Poetry.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not, in the mazy dance,
With jewelled maidens vie;
She may not smile on courtly swain
With soft, bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has brought her,
But, ah, she has much fairer charms,
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more mild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
The lily's cup is not more pure,
In all its purity;—
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she—
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty bell whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies—
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden lies;
And with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jewelled fair—
The brightest jewel yet
Is the heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek—
The grace no rule hath taught her—
The fairest wreath that beauty twines,
Is for the Farmer's daughter.

OUR TECTOTAL CREED.

Moral suasion alone for the drunkard,—moral and legal suasion combined for the drunkard maker,—no votes for rumocratic candidates for State, County, Town, or City officers—a transfer of all business patronage from intoxicating drink-selling establishments to those of a moral, and tectotal character,—and a harmonious unity of action among all tectotal organizations, against both the traffic, and the use of all alcoholic beverages.—*Cataract.*